A DESCRIPTION OF BATH.

A

POEM.

Humbly Inſcribed to Her Royal Highneſs the

Princeſs *AMELIA*.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Leake, Bookſeller in *Bath*; and J. Gray, Bookſeller in the *Poultry*. 1734.

(Price One Shilling.)

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BATH.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PRICE SIXPENCE.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF

B A T H.

AMELIA, beauteous PRINCESS, deign to view
What the *Muſe* ſings; To YOU the Song is due:
To YOU, in whom with Joy we ſee combin'd
True *Royal* Greatneſs, and an *humble* Mind.

Deign YOU, bright Maid, to hear my artleſs Lays,
You'll awe the ſnarling Criticks into Praiſe,
If Goodneſs can this bold Addreſs forgive,
Nurs'd by your Smiles, my humble Rhymes ſhall live.

To

To ſing the Town where balmy Waters flow,
To which AMELIA's Health the Nations owe,
My Muſe aſpires; while conſcious Bluſhes riſe,
And her weak Pinions tremble ere ſhe flies;
Till drawing Vigour from thoſe living Springs,
She dares to raiſe her Voice, and ſtretch her Wings.
Not the fam'd Springs which gave Poetick Fire,
Had nobler Virtues, or could more inſpire.
Too weak my Voice, but Great AMELIA's Name
Shall raiſe my Numbers, and defend my Fame.

Long ere the *Roman* Eagle hither flew;
Ere *Albion*'s Sons their pow'rful Virtues knew;
BRUTE's Great Deſcendant rais'd them firſt to Fame,
And, from their Uſe, aſſign'd the Town its Name.
PALLAS he choſe Protectreſs of the Streams,
PALLAS the * City her Protectreſs claims;
Thus He, who of Man's Fall divinely ſings,
Tells from old Records wrote of *Gothick* Kings.
The *Romans* well this antient Story knew,
MINERVA's Statues their Devotion drew;

* *The City of* BATH *is called in the* Britiſh *Language* Caer Palludar.

Of

Of curious Art her noble *Buſt* * appears
Safe from the Ruin of a thouſand Years.
Theſe ſalutary Streams alone can boaſt
Their Virtues not in thrice five Ages loſt.
The flowing Waters, from their hidden Source,
Thro' the ſame *Strata* keep unerring Courſe;
The floating *Sulphur* meets diſſolving *Steel*,
And heat in *Combat*, till the Waters boil:
United then, enrich the healing Stream,
HEALTH to the *Sick* they give, and to the *Waters*, FAME.

Thus oft contending *Parties* rage and hate,
Malignant both, and puſh each other's Fate;
At laſt, their Fury ſpent, and cloy'd with Blood,
They *join* in *Friendſhip* for the *Publick Good*.

Hither foul SCURVY, odious to the Sight;
And VAPOURS, which, in *ev'ry Form*, affright;
Sharp CHOLICK, groaning with a *Jaundice* Face;
White LEPROSY, of old *Ægyptian* Race;

* *There is now an antique Buſt in the Town-Hall of* BATH, *ſuppoſed to belong to a* Roman *Statue of* PALLAS.

The ſhaking PALSY; RHEUMATISM lame;
And meager INDIGESTION pining came;
With many dreadful *Ails*, without a Name.

Fatal Effects of LUXURY and EASE!
We *drink* our POISON, and we *eat* DISEASE;
Indulge our SENSES at our REASON's Coſt,
Till *Senſe* is *Pain*, and *Reaſon's hurt*, or *loſt*.

Not ſo, O TEMP'RANCE bland! when rul'd by Thee,
The *Brute's* obedient, and the *Man* is free:
Soft are his *Slumbers*, balmy is his *Reſt*,
His *Veins* not boiling from the *Midnight Feaſt*;
Touch'd by AURORA's roſy Hand, he wakes,
Peaceful and calm; and with the World partakes
The joyful Dawnings of returning Day,
For which their grateful Thanks the whole Creation pay!
All but the *human Brute*; 'Tis he alone
Whoſe Deeds of Darkneſs fly the riſing Sun.

'Tis to thy Rules, O TEMPERANCE! we owe
All Pleaſures which from *Health* and *Strength* can flow:

Vigour

Vigour of *Body*, *Purity* of *Mind*,
Unclouded *Reaſon*, *Sentiments* refin'd,
Unmix'd, untainted Joys, without *Remorſe*,
Th' intemp'rate Sinner's never-failing Curſe.

Our *Water*'s waſh thoſe numerous Ills away,
And grant the *trembling Wretch* a *longer Day*.
O may returning HEALTH more *Wiſdom* give!
Let *Death*'s Approaches teach us how to *live*.

If but *one* LEPER cur'd, makes *Jordan*'s Stream,
In Sacred Writ, a venerable Theme,
What *Honour*'s to thy *ſov'reign Waters* due,
Where *Sick*, by *Thouſands*, do their *Health* renew?

The *Min'ral Steams* which from the BATHS ariſe,
From *noxious Vapours* clear the *neighb'ring* Skies:
When FEVERS bore an epidemick Sway,
Unpeopled Towns, ſwept Villages away;
While *Death* abroad dealt *Terror*, and *Deſpair*,
The *Plague* but *gently touch'd* within their Sphere.

Bleſt *Source of Health*, ſeated on *riſing Ground*,
With friendly Hills by Nature *guarded* round;
From *Eaſtern Blaſts*, and *ſultry South* ſecure;
The *Air's balſamick*, and the *Soil* is *pure*.

What *boundleſs Proſpects* from yon tow'ring Height
Of *Hills*, and *Plains*, and *Vallies* ſtrike the Sight!
Towns, *Rivers*, *Villas*, *Flocks* and *Herds* appear,
And all the various Products of the Year.
Thence view the *pendant Rock's* majeſtick Shade,
That ſpeaks the Ruins conqu'ring *Time* has made:
Whether the *Egg* was by the *Deluge* broke,
Or Nature ſince has felt ſome other Shock;
Ingenious BURNET, thine's a pleaſing Scheme,
A gay Deluſion, if it be a Dream.
The ſhatter'd *Rocks*, and *Strata* ſeem to ſay,
Nature is *old*, and tends to her *Decay*:
Yet *lovely* in *Decay*, and *green* in *Age*,
Her Beauty laſts her, to her *lateſt Stage*.
Wiſdom immenſe contriv'd the wondrous *Ball*,
And *Form* ſprung forth, obedient to his Call.

He fix'd her Date, and bid the *Planet* run
Her *annual* Race around the *central Sun*:
He bid the *Seaſons*, *Days*, and *Nights* return,
Till the pent Fires which at the *Center* burn,
Shall the *whole Globe* to one huge *Cinder* turn.
Then, like a *Phœnix*, ſhe again ſhall riſe,
And the *New World* be peopl'd from the *Skies*;
Then *Vice*, and all her Train of Ills ſhall ceaſe,
And *Truth* ſhall reign with *Righteouſneſs* and *Peace*.

Surrounded by the AVON's winding Streams,
Beneath the Hills a peopl'd Iſland ſeems;
An antient *Abbey* in its Center ſtands,
The labour'd Work of ſuperſtitious Hands.
When *Holy Craft* ſupreme did guide the Helm,
And *Gothick Darkneſs* overſpread the Realm;
The *artful Prieſt* amaz'd the gaping Croud,
And *ſacred Truth* was veil'd in *myſtick* Cloud;
When *living Saints* for *true Devotion* bled;
And *Rites prophane* were offer'd to the *Dead*;
When *Idol Images* Devotion drew,
And *Idol Gods* were worſhipp'd as the *true*;

Witneſs yon *Front*; how impiouſly deſign'd
In *Stone* to repreſent th' *Eternal Mind!*
Witneſs the *Saints* and *Angels* on the *Wall!*
Deaf to their Vot'ries *Prayers*, and *ſilent* to their *Call.*
Welcome, fair LIBERTY, and LIGHT *divine!*
Yet *wider* ſpread your Wings, and brighter ſhine;
Dart *livelier* Beams on ev'ry *Britiſh* Soul,
And ſcatter *ſlaviſh Darkneſs* to the Pole.
Now for *pure Worſhip* is the *Church* deſign'd;
O that the Muſe cou'd ſay to *that* confin'd!
Ev'n there, by *meaning Looks*, and *cringing Bows*,
The *Female Idol* her *Adorer* knows!
Fly hence, *Prophane*, nor taint this Sacred Place;
Mock not thy GOD, to flatter CÆLIA's Face.
This Sacred Pile encloſes honour'd Duſt,
And pompous *Monuments* ſecure the Truſt:
There MONTAGUE, the Noble Prelate, lies
With pious Hands up-lifted to the Skies:
A VIRGIN here enjoys eternal Fame,
Join'd on the Marble with Great DRYDEN's Name.

The ſpacious PORTICO demands my Song,
Where *Beaux*, and *Belles* appear, a ſhining Throng!

To

To take a *cordial Draught*, and *chear* the *Soul*,
Like HOMER's Gods, when *Nectar* crown'd the Bowl.
Correct the Fabrick, *ſimple*, *neat*, and *plain*,
Of *Parian*, nor *Ægyptian* Marble vain,
But *innocently white*, it's proud to ſhow,
In *neighb'ring Hills* what beauteous Pillars grow.

The BATHS adjoining form two *ample Squares*,
Around the *Walls* the *Roman* Art appears;
Niches and *Arches* there the *Bathers* find,
A *Shelter* from the *Rain*, and bluſt'ring *Wind*.
BLADUD himſelf ſits *Guardian* of the *Streams*,
Whoſe noble Virtues give them * Royal Names.

† Not far from hence, a *Bath* of *gentler* Heat,
The *tender Virgin* finds a ſafe *Retreat*
From *Sights* indecent, and from *Speeches* lewd,
Which dare not there, with *Satyr-Face*, intrude.
Juſt in the midſt a *Marble Croſs* there ſtands,
Which Popiſh Minds with pious Awe commands,
Devoid *itſelf* of *Power* to heal our Woes,
Yet, deck'd with *monumental Crutches*, ſhows

* *King and Queen's Bath.* † *Croſs Bath.*

What

What *mighty Cures* this wond'rous *Pool* has done,
And theſe the *Trophies* from *Diſeaſes* won.
The *Sailor* thus, on foaming Billows toſt,
His *Ship*, and *Ship-Mates* in the Tempeſt loſt,
Did ſome kind God's aſſiſting Power implore,
And when, by Aid Divine, he reach'd the Shore,
Strait to the Temple of the God he flew,
His briny Coat he thought the Temple's Due:
And near the dropping Garment, on the Wall
He wrote, with grateful Praiſe, the moving Tale.

* Thro' yon high *arched Gate* on either Hand,
In comely Order, *Rows* of *Buildings* ſtand;
See *Squares*, and *Hoſpitals*, and *Temples* riſe,
From whence let *pure Devotion* pierce the Skies.
† A *Fountain* flows, which *ſtately Walls* ſurround,
And *Palaces* o'erſpread the verdant Ground,
Where *Herds* were wont to drink the cooling Spring,
And *Birds* on bending Branches us'd to ſing.

Leaving the *Weſt*, I guide my View around,
And mark the *City's* venerable *Bound*.

* *Weſt Gate.*

Where

Where the Remains of many an hundred Year,
In rev'rend Ruins on the Walls appear.
* A *Fury*'s *Head* with ſnaky Hair there ſtands;
Here *Hercules* th' attentive Eye demands;
And there a *Shepherd* and his *youthful Dame*;
Theſe Monuments, and more, are known to Fame.

Hence view the *Grove*; it forms a verdant *Square*,
See the Trees wanton in the Eaſtern Air;
Aurora gilds them with a temperate Ray,
And *lofty Buildings* ſhade in Noon of Day.
An *Obelisk* doth now its Center grace,
The lateſt, proudeſt, Honour of the Place.
To future Times this Monument ſhall ſhow,
How much all *Britons*, and all *Belgians* owe,
To Springs which ſav'd from Death the Great NASSAW.
From HIM, and beauteous ANNA, ſhall deſcend,
Heroes like WILLIAM, ready to defend
Fair *Liberty* oppreſs'd, and trampl'd *Laws*,
Or die with Pleaſure in the glorious Cauſe.
What leſs than this can Prophecy divine,
When WILLIAM's Blood is mix'd with GEORGE's Line?

* *See* Guydot's *Tranſlation of the Antiquities of* Bath.

Nor think, O NASH, the Muſe forgets thy Praiſe,
Enough for thee this Monument to raiſe:
What greater Honour can thy Pride receive,
Than that THY Name with Great NASSAW ſhall live?

Where the *ſmooth Bowl** was wont to skim the *Green*,
Now ſtately Rooms for Pleaſure change the Scene;
Where *Muſick* warbles, and the *Dancers* bound,
While the high Roof re-echoes to the Sound.
There blooming Virgins kindle amorous Fires;
And there the God of Wit with Verſe inſpires.
The *ratling Dye* enchants the *Miſer's Heir*;
The *hoarded Sums* the *ſharking Gameſters* ſhare:
Th' important Bus'neſs of the Fair, *Quadrille*,
Employs thoſe Hours which *Dancing* cannot kill;
Or fav'rite *Ombre*, ſweetly ſung by POPE,
Appalls their *Cheeks* with *Fear*, or reddens them with *Hope*.
There *Miſs* ſoon learns the Language of the *Eyes*,
The *witleſs Beau* looks ſoft, and ſwears he dies;
And who can think ſo *fine* a *Lover* lyes?

* *Where* Lindſey's *New Room now ſtands, was a Bowling-Green not long ſince.*

There

There *Pagan*, *Turk*, the *Papiſt*, and the *Jew*,
And all Mankind's *Epitome* you view.
But fly, my Muſe, fly this enchanting Place,
Nor *Man*, thro' all his Pleaſures, dare to trace.

But ſee thro' yonder * Door a ſafe *Retreat*;
There reſt ſecure, amidſt the *Wiſe*, and *Great*:
Heroes of *antient*, and of *modern* Song,
The bending Shelves in comely Order throng.
Hither, ye *Nymphs*, attend the leading Muſe,
With her the *Labours* of the *Wiſe* peruſe;
Their *Maxims* learn, their *Precepts* be your Guide,
Think *Virtuous Knowledge* WOMAN's *trueſt* Pride.
One Hour thus ſpent, more *ſolid* Joys ſhall give,
Than the gay *Idler* knows, or *Fools* conceive.

Now leave the *Terrace*, and th' extended Scene
Of *Hills* enclos'd, and *Meadows* ever green,
Deſcend to *Walks* 'twixt *Limes* in adverſe Rows,
And view the gay *Parterre* that ever blows.
This fair † *Pavilion* view, around its Baſe
Obſerve the Sportings of the *ſcaly Race*.

* *Mr.* Leake's *Shop*. † Harriſon's *Banquetting-Houſe*.

A cool

A cool *Receſs*, the MUSES *choſen Seat*,
From *Crouds*, and *empty Noiſe*, a bleſt Retreat!
The lovely *Landſcape*, and the ſilent *Stream*,
Inſpire the *Poet*, and preſent the *Theme*.
Round the *green Walk* the *River* glides away,
Where 'midſt *Eſpaliers* balmy *Zephyrs* play,
And fan the *Leaves*, and cool the ſcorching *Ray*:
View the brown Shadows of yon *pathleſs Wood*;
And *craggy Hills*, irregular and rude!
Where Nature ſports romantick: Hence is ſeen
The *new-made Road*, and wonderful *Machine*,
Self-moving downward from the Mountain's Height,
A *Rock* its Burden of a *Mountain*'s Weight.

Hail, mighty *Genius!* born for *Great Deſigns*,
T' *adorn* your *Country*, and to *mend* the *Times*;
Virtue's *Exemplar* in degenerate Days,
All who love *Virtue*, love to ſpeak *your* Praiſe:
You chide the Muſe that dares your Virtues own,
And, veil'd with *Modeſty*, wou'd live unknown;
An *honeſt Muſe*, no Proſtitute for *Gain*,
Int'reſt may court her, but ſhall court in vain:

But

But ever pleas'd to ſet *true Worth* in View,
Yours *ſhall* be *ſeen*, and *will* by All but *You*.

Prophetick here, the Muſe ſhall build thy Seat,
Great like thy *Soul*, in ev'ry Part compleat:
On this fair Eminence the *Fabrick* ſtands,
The finiſh'd Labour of a thouſand Hands;
The *Hill*, the *Dale*, the *River*, *Groves*, and *Fields*,
Vary the *Landſcape* which thy *Proſpect* yields;
Whole *Vales* of *Fruit-trees* give our Eyes Delight,
Yet ſcorn alone to gratify the *Sight*;
Beneath the Load the tender Branch ſhall bend,
And the rich Juice regale its *Maſter*'s *Friend*.
Thy Taſte refin'd appears in yonder Wood,
Not *Nature* tortur'd, but by *Art* improv'd:
Where *cover'd Walks* with *open Viſta's* meet,
An *Area* here, and there a *ſhady Seat*.
A thouſand Sweets in mingled Odours flow
From blooming *Flowers*, which on the Borders grow.
In num'rous Streams the murmuring Waters trill,
Uniting all, obedient to thy Will;
Till by thy Art, in *one Canal* combin'd,
They thro' the *Wood* in various *Mazes* wind;

From thence the foaming Waves fall rapid down,
In bold *Caſcades*, and laſh the rugged Stone.
But here their Fury loſt, the calmer Scene
Delights the ſofter Muſe, and Soul ſerene;
An ample *Baſon*, Center of the Place,
In Lymph tranſparent holds the ſcaly Race;
Its glaſſy Face, from ev'ry Ruffle free,
Reflects the Image of each neighb'ring Tree;
On which the *feather'd Choir*, melodious, throng,
By Love inſpir'd, unite in tuneful Song;
Their tuneful Song the echoing *Woods* reſound,
And falling *Waters* add a ſolemn Sound,
Sure this the Muſes haunt; 'tis hallow'd Ground!
Here could the Muſe for ever ſpend her Days,
And chant, in humble Rhymes, the Owner's Praiſe,
How by his Art, young MYRA * ſhall no more
Her STREPHON's Letter loſt, with Sighs deplore,
Unjuſtly jealous of her faithful Swain,
Whilſt he expects the kind Return in vain.
How from the † Mountain's rocky Sides he drew
A thouſand ſhining Palaces to view:

* *Mr.* ALLEN *contriv'd and ſettled the Croſs-Poſt, by which means Letters are now convey'd to a great many Towns ſafely, which uſed formerly to miſcarry oftener than they were received.*

† *Quarries.*

Temples,

Temples, and *Hoſpitals* in ev'ry Land,
From Age to Age, his Monuments ſhall ſtand.
Envy itſelf ſhall die, and fickle *Fame*,
When he is dead, do Juſtice to his Name.
Had I, or PINDAR's Wing; or HOMER's Fire;
VIRGIL's true Greatneſs; or ſoft HORACE' Lyre;
Could I, like tuneful POPE, command the NINE;
Did my Verſe flow, and as it flows, refine;
Thus wou'd I ſing; but O with Grief I find
My feeble Pen but faintly paints my Mind!
Myſelf unequal to the great Deſign,
The Task to abler Poets I reſign.

F I N I S.

Temples, and Hospitals in ev[illegible] Land,
From Age to Age, his Monuments shall stand.
Envy itself shall die, and fickle Fame,
When he is dead, do Justice to his Name.
Had I, or PINDAR's Wing; or HOMER's Fire;
VIRGIL's true Graces; or fair HORACE Lyre;
Could I, like tuneful Pope, command the Nine;
Did my Verse flow, and as it flows, refine;
Thus would I sing; but O with Grief I find
My feeble Pen but faintly paint my Mind!
Myself unequal to the great Design,
The Task to ably Poets I resign.

FINIS.